PART TWO

THE WICHITA DAILY EAGLE.

PAGES 9-12

WICHITA KANSAS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1891.

ALL ALONE IN THE BANK

WITH NOTHING AT ALL TO DISTURB ME, SAYS NYE.

A Group of Nice Hotel Thoughts, a Moving Incident in Which a Large Hirsute Blonde Figures, and a Free Shave in a Woodshed.

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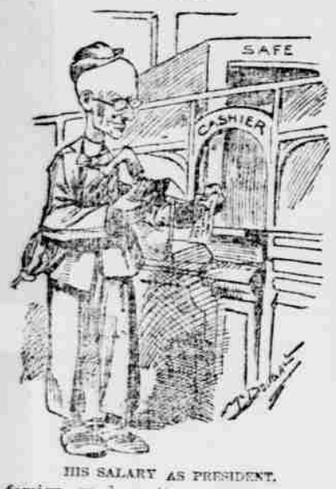
SOUTH HUTCHINSON, Kan.

This piece is written in the president's room of the Bank of South Hutchinson. The president is not here, however. Neither is the cashier, nor the teller, nor the first or second bookkeeper, nor the



HIS SALARY AS PRESIDENT.

foreign or domestic correspondent or draftsman, whose duty it is to make drafts, and cut holes in them so that you cannot raise the draft to the third power.

You will wonder why I am here all alone in a bank, and in a state where I am so well known, and you will naturally say that it is an odd situation, and you will wonder how soon I am going to stop writing and knock off the door of the vault; but I shall not toy with the vault. It is open. There is no one to defend it. I can take my time. The police of South Hutchinson will not disturb me. I could do business here all day and clear into the night and no one would annoy me.

Down the street there is a three story brick block with brown stone trimmings and covering half a square. It is called the Indiana block. It probably cost $400,000. In it a mamma hornet is building her nest. She and I own the town. How quiet it is! The hum of industry and the sharp, metallic report of the city council have died away, and the last echo of the exploded boom has long since been smothered by the deep silence.

Even as the hot and hungry torrent and the dry and ashy deluge smote the business interests of Pompeii and hushed the great heart beat of industry and life and social activity, so the lightning sought out and perforated the shiny and distended boom of South Hutchinson, and today, while the mocking bird whistles in the peach orchard far away, and the shorthorn buhl-buhl is calling to her mate in the bluegrass pastures across the heaving prairies, myself and the mamma hornet in the $100,000 brick and stone block are practically controlling the business course of the town.

From the front door of my bank I can see the steam laundry of South Hutchinson, but no steam escapes from the waste pipe. No gleaming white shirt tails crack defiantly in the crisp zephyrs of Kansas. No hot, soapy air of industry and prosperity comes from the broken windows and sagging doors. No strange, mysterious health garments or singularly distorted and unnatural *lingerie*, distended by the lascivious breeze, hangs on the broken and ragged clothesline.

Near by stands the blacksmith and carriage shop of South Hutchinson, but the village smithy and the red fire of his forge have gone out together. On his door is written in blue paint, by means of a rather passe broom:

> Gone to the Upper Congo valley to shoe a passle of elephants. Will be back in a few moments.

The air of the shop is still and depressing. Where once the melody of the anvil rang out, and the soft and seductive odor of the scorched foot of the bronco filled the glad morning, now all is hushed. The red glow has died away in the giant heart of the forge. The smithy washed his great big honest hands in the water trough, and pulling down his sleeves to conceal the bright red beard upon his massive forearms he went away. Rust and ruin are giving place to the activity and crush and hurry of trade.

Excuse me a moment while I step into the cashier's room and pay myself off as president of the bank. I will be back in a moment.

Down a street or two farther is the barber shop and bath works of South Hutchinson, but even the voice of the barber is still. I couldn't, if I tried for weeks, express the full meaning of the term "quiet" any more powerfully than that. Here and there about the door the quick eye of the visitor may see the shorn and grizzled locks of the honest boomer of other days, but the lather is dry in the old sink, and the last echo of the loud smelling hair oil of the happy past has died away in the bosom of the poorly planned acoustics of the past.

Even the low, hoarse death rattle of the bathtub has ceased in its silent throat, and the gas leak, with its hands across its breast and its feet in the soap dish, recks not of the flight of gathering years.

The hotel is also quiet. Wait till I close the safe and we will go over to the hotel a moment. No one rushes to the door to pull the handle off your valise and check it for you. No one stands behind the richly caparisoned counter to give you a dripping pen with one leg amputated and a dead cockroach on the other. You can select your own room now—with a bath and southern exposure too, if you wish it. The police will not bother you. You can bathe in the aquarium in the dining room if you feel like it, and there will be nothing said about it in the papers. The hotel piano is not going now. The huge Percheron saleratus blonde of the effete east is not playing "White Wings." She has went away. She has taken with her also her little wad of hydrophobia. They decided to flea together. You will see her soon at Coney Island, and tipping up one side of the United States wherever she treads the writhing streets. I saw her on a bobtail car last summer. She was standing up and holding a damp dog, for it was a rainy day. She was holding on by a strap and starting the gathers in her skirt a good deal. Her dress waist was made with a little jack rabbit tail to it which hunched up more and more as we moved along, and extended out over the dashboard, as I may say, like the tin, anti-caterpillar overskirt on the giant elms of Boston Common.

Her hair also was becoming disarranged, and one could see a sediment of saleratus on her flushed scalp. She did not know whether to let her hair come down or ask some total stranger to hold the dog. At that moment the car gave a great lurch, and with a sob she sat down in the lap of a man with a raspberry nose and deeply dyed anthracite whiskers. As I came away she was still sitting there, and, mingling with the dead, museum black of his long jute beard, I saw the loosened masses, the great wealth of insincere and antique oak hair which belonged, apparently, to the saleratus blonde.

But she is not here now. Neither is the precocious Little Lord Fauntleroy who usually frightens people away from a hotel. He also has gone. You will not see him here now. You can almost enjoy yourself, it is so destitute of him.

The kicker also has gone. He did the best he could for the last few days that he was here, and then he found that one man could not do the matter justice unless he got a clerk who could speak several languages. So he went away, and now you can only see the freckles on the front of the counter where he has kicked against his bill.

Kansas generally and Hutchinson proper are in a more hopeful condition than for many years past. The abundant rains have guaranteed a good crop already, and a good crop in Kansas makes the granaries of the globe laugh and hold their sides with ill concealed joy. Here also may be seen not only industry but thrift. James Garvey, the railroad *rancounter* and after dinner speaker (also a good before dinner conversationist), said yesterday that a neighbor of his advertised this spring for 100 men to catch driftwood on shares. He soon got a nice little crew at work, and has built up a good business, which is almost devoid of the disagreeable element of risk. It is as safe as the industry so popular on Madison avenue and Fifth avenue, which is conducted by the bright youth of New York, and which consists in stealing valuable cats and then waiting for a reward. Sometimes a dog which is distasteful to the husband is offered to one of these boys, with a two dollar bill in addition if he will drown it. He keeps it until the wife offers five dollars for its return, and then he sneaks it around to the house, thus making seven dollars on a 27-ounce dog

A BEAUTIFUL MAUVE BEARD.

sometimes. Lot booming seems to be pretty well over, and now that the law has gone into effect reserving 160 acres of land in each county for agricultural purposes there is nothing in the way of prosperity.

Pueblo, Colo., is going to have a mineral palace that will certainly astonish and delight everybody with its luxuriance, taste and beauty. Abundance of money has been produced, and the building will be open by the middle of June. It will be the finest exhibit of minerals, no doubt, in the world, and the building will be worth going hundreds of miles to see. The dome is said to be the second only in size in this country, and the decorations are most beautiful. The arts and sciences will also have a part of the building. The Gold King, the Silver Queen and King Coal will be beautiful and costly figures of great size, and will be in session during the entire time. The palace is Egyptian in style, with American door handles.

Among other minerals to be exhibited will be native gold, silver, platinum, mercury, copper, magnetic ore, chromic iron, celibate, pyrites, galena, nickel ore, quartz, feldspar, calamus, mica, beryl, tourmaline, pearline, garnet, malachite, Hittite, hornblende, serpentine, asbestos, wavettite, brucite, baryta, gypsum calc spar, talc, stalactites, free silver talc, stalagmites, fluor spar, sulphur, graphite, alum, borax, bluing, salt, coal, lime, cement, green and dry hides, stove wood and plastering hair. There will also be pilasters of white and colored marble, alabaster, onyx, agatized wood and obisidan. Other things will be added from time to time. It is really going to be a most wonderful collection of the rich minerals of the most wonderful state in this most wonderful republic.

I had a strange and wild experience last month. I had been in the hills of North Carolina four days, and a beautiful nauve beard had sprung up like a bed of asparagus all over my face, because I was not within eight miles of a barber shop. I got on a late train at Biltmore. The Biltmore station was formerly a hog incubator, but it was found that the air was so bad that the piglets died off, and so it was condemned and made into a depot. I sat there three hours, and all that I could find to read was a copy of The American Beekeeper for 1879, and it had been used to clean the lamps with. But I read all of it. Part of it I memorized.

There was a barber shop at Biltmore, but being Sunday it was closed while the proprietor scrubbed the clotted blood off the floor. I do not shave myself yet, though I am going to try it this summer. So I took the train, bearded as I was like a pard, as I heard a poet get off the other day. I stopped overnight at Knoxville, but left before the shops were opened in the morning. That evening I had to argue in the hall at Dayton, O., and would get there at 8:15 p. m. So I saw no chance to get shaved. I feel naturally great pride in my personal appearance. It is all I have. When one has been endowed that way I do not think it is wrong to add to one's personal beauty by shaving every five days.

I spoke to Joe Harris, a member of the Tennessee legislature, about this, and he said it was rather tough to lecture with a "Ten-Nights-in-a-Barroom" beard, and would I mind letting him shave me at the junction, where we had to wait thirty minutes. I thought a moment, and then I said I believed I would venture. He was very kind. He did not do it as a general thing, but he wanted to do me a favor, and he had a nice razor that came as a prize to each subscriber of The Little Hustler, a monthly child's paper.

We got off at the junction and retired to the woodshed of a pleasant little cafe near by. The rest of the passengers came along also. All of East Tennessee not otherwise engaged came too. Some left their work and came. They were still coming when we got through. The effects of the anaesthetic wore off as I approached Lexington, and my face pained me a good deal, but I looked better, every one said. Mr. Harris deserves my thanks, and I heartily tender them. I can truly say that I was never more delightfully shaved in my life—by a member of the legislature.

Since then I have bought some razors, and as I write these lines I am nerving myself up to try one of them. Napoleon said that the men who won victories and conquered the world shaved themselves. I have got some new shaving soap that smells like the upper drawer of Cleopatra's clothes press, and I have a bright new strop, with a red case for it, and a beautiful pad of shaving paper, and a hunk of alum to staunch the blood if I cut the core out of my Adam's apple by mistake. Tomorrow, if the sign should be right, I will shave myself.

Bill Nye

A Rival of the Famous Strasburg Clock.

The most wonderful clock is on exhibition in the parochial school building connected with St. Paul's German Lutheran church in Janesville, Wis.

The timepiece is divided into four parts—geographical, astronomical, musical and numerical. A little bell strikes every minute. The first quarter hour represents childhood; the second, youth; the third, middle age, and the fourth, old age. As the clock strikes the hours a corresponding number of apostles make their appearance, from one to twelve. Above them stands Jesus blessing them.

The twelve signs of the zodiac are represented. At 6 and 12 o'clock a sexton rings a bell, an old man kneels in prayer, the cock crows and the organ is played. There are four dials on each side of the clock, showing the years on one side and the leap years on the other.

At midnight heathen gods make their appearance, and scenes in the life of Jesus are represented at noonday. The four seasons are represented by appropriate figures, as are the moon's phases. The clock was built by Mr. Martin, a millwright, of Schwarzwald, Baden, and is said to exceed in ingenuity any other clock ever exhibited in the United States.—Jeweler's Weekly.

An Old Bullet.

Bob Lockhart dropped in to renew his subscription.

"I have something in my inside pocket which I want to show you," he said, and after searching for a few seconds Bob produced the half of a large round leaden ball.

"I was sawing up a fat lightwood log, and you will see where the saw passed through the center of the bullet. Well, I got to thinking afterward how old this bullet must be. The log was fat heart pine two feet thick. Evidently the bullet was shot into the tree when small or else it could not have pierced to the center, and the tree was evidently 100 years old when it fell to the ground. It may have laid there 100 years or more. You know fat pine never decays. I am satisfied that old man Ponce de Leon, on his tour through this country, must have fired a fancy shot at a skulking savage, and plugged the tree instead of the Indian. You see it's a round ball, and as it is so large I judge it to be of Spanish make."

Bob is quite an antiquarian, you know.—Atlanta Journal.

Oil Ponds in the Gulf.

Between the mouth of the Mississippi river and Galveston, ten or fifteen miles south of Sabine Pass, is a spot in the Gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "The Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small craft which ply in that vicinity.

There is no land within fifteen miles, but even in the wildest weather the water at this spot is comparatively calm, owing to the thick covering of oil, which apparently rises from the bed of the Gulf, which is here about fifteen to eighteen feet beneath the surface. This strange refuge is well known to sailors who run on the small vessels trading between Calcasieu, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston. When through stress of weather they fail to make harbor elsewhere they run for "The Oil Ponds," let go anchor and ride the gale in safety, this curious spot furnishing a good illustration of the effect of "oil upon a troubled sea."—St. Louis Republic.

The Prevailing Ennui.

"You look tired."

"I am."

"Too many social dissipations?"

"No. Not enough."—Puck.

HIS SUIT SCORNED

Reason Why a Californian Committed Suicide.

HE WOOED, BUT WOOED IN VAIN.

San Francisco, Birmingham, Ala., and New York the Scenes of Sensational Tragedies for Which Cupid Can Be Held Directly Responsible.

The recent cataclysm of crime brought to the surface several tragedies in which love and passion played a deadly part. San Francisco furnishes a sad story of unrequited affection. A youthful Scotchman, named A. Ainslee Young, became enamored with Miss May E. Wheeler, a pretty typewriter of exemplary character. He was not a milksop, but a straightforward, manly fellow, with a tinge of melancholy in his disposition. He was honorable and persistent in his wooing, but the girl did not regard his suit with favor. She told him to forget her, and seek some one who could return his love. Young became moody and dejected after this rebuff and threatened to shoot himself. Miss Wheeler reasoned him out of this resolve, and mistaking her anxiety for a kindling of the divine spark, Young continued his addresses. He was always respectful, but his constant entreaties became annoying, and the pretty typewriter changed her boarding house in order to escape his importunities. The patient, persevering lover searched San Francisco over until he found her. He told her of an improvement in his circumstances, and humbly entreated her to receive his attentions. Again she refused, and again Young declared he would kill himself.

A. AINSLEE YOUNG.

As this was an old story Miss Wheeler felt no alarm. Next morning, however, she received a letter, beginning "My darling," ending "Yours in death, as I would have been in life," and containing the following remarkable passages:

When you receive this I will be past recall. You think I am a child not to be able to cut, curtail and kill my love to order of will. That may be; but when that love is so much stronger than the will (you are the first one who has told me that I had no will), how can I kill it? I know myself well enough for that, and the longer I would live the stronger my love for you would become. So there is nothing for it but to end my life. For if I were to live, I could not live without seeing you, and as that is against your wish, I can only see one way out of it. May you live to see the folly of raising a passion in a man when you do not know what the strength of it is.

The letter seriously impressed its recipient, who, accompanied by a friend, went to the romantic Scotchman's lodging place and found him dead. He had put a bullet in his brain.

The trial of Mrs. Julia Martin for the murder of her brother-in-law at Birmingham, Ala., disclosed an awful story of a woman's misfortunes through the perfidy of man. Miss Julia Powers was a beautiful Georgia girl, the daughter of John T. Powers, judge of the superior court. She lost

JULIA MARTIN.

her father when she was very young, and her mother afterward married a northern man, to whom she deeded all her property. Relatives took charge of the children, and brought them up in the belief that their mother was dead. Upon returning home from school at the age of nineteen Miss Julia visited friends in Eufaula, where she met Edward T. Martin, the man whom she subsequently killed. Martin paid her marked attention, and beguiled her under promise of marriage. Later on, while she was living with an uncle at Macon, she wrote for Martin to visit her, as she feared the consequences of their wrongdoing. He did so, and in the evening, while her uncle was entertaining a convention of bishops, they took a walk together. A dog ran across their path, and Martin, feigning fright, sprang down a steep cliff and called upon Julia to do likewise. He held up his arms as though intending to catch her, but as she jumped he stepped aside and she fell twelve feet. He then got a carriage and took her to a house, where she gave birth to a dead child.

She lay sick at this place eleven months. Upon recovering she journeyed to Eufaula, but Martin repudiated her. Clarence Martin, a brother of Edward, fell in love with her, and she went to Galveston and lived with him two years as his wife. During this period she mingled in good society, nursed sick neighbors and otherwise conducted herself well. To prove his affection and to avert anything like scandal in the future Clarence took her to Austin and they were married in an Episcopal church. A short time after the ceremony they moved to Dallas, Tex.

Meantime Ed Martin, the betrayer, went to Birmingham, Ala., and grew suddenly rich. In May, 1889, he visited Dallas and called upon his brother's wife. Mrs. Martin indignantly rejected his advances, and he departed vowing vengeance. It was not long before overtures were made to Clarence Martin, her husband, to leave Julia. Clarence, who seemed devoted to the woman his brother had wronged, resisted for a time, but deserted her one day after protesting undying affection. Mrs. Martin learned he was in Birmingham and sought him there. She was not allowed to see him, and an arrangement was made for her to receive twenty-five dollars per month on condition of living in Dallas. She accepted and returned.

But Edward Martin was not satisfied with their mere separation. He was determined his brother should be divorced, and engaged a private detective to watch the abandoned wife. While at Eureka, Ark., for her health, Mrs. Martin was annoyed by the attentions of a man said to have been in the employ of this detective. Finding that he could not accomplish anything himself, the fellow is alleged to have offered a porter at the hotel fifty dollars to secrete himself in Mrs. Martin's room and create a scandal. The porter refused. Mrs. Martin was told of the plot, and visited Birmingham again to protest against the

CLARENCE MARTIN.

persecution. Edward Martin received her with taunts and insinuations.

"Where did you get that fine dress?" he asked.

"I sewed and made the money for it," was her reply.

"Pshaw!" said he, contemptuously turning away, "virtue and work don't go together."

Stung to madness the woman drew a pistol and shot him dead.

All those facts came out on the trial, which lasted over a week. Public sympathy was decidedly on the prisoner's side. It became plain as the testimony unfolded that the woman had been wronged beyond all endurance. She was acquitted amid a scene of great excitement. Clarence Martin, her husband, did not put in an appearance at court.

The attempted suicide of Leopold Landauer, a New York commission broker, was the unfortunate climax of another kind of domestic infelicity. His wife Cora secured an absolute divorce from him on the statutory ground. The evidence showed that Landauer had been over friendly with two servant girls in his employ. When those frail creatures testified the defendant

LEOPOLD LANDAUER.

groaned and kept up a pitiful refrain of "For God's sake! For God's sake!" The same evening that the decision was rendered Landauer took a room in a New York hotel. He drank three Manhattan cocktails in rapid succession and ate a hearty supper. Then he again drank freely. Shots were heard in his apartment shortly after he had retired, and on the door being broken in he was found leaning against the bed, bleeding from his breast and mouth. A five chambered revolver lay empty on the floor. The mirror over the bureau had been shattered by one bullet; the mark of another stray missile was in the wall of the chamber. One shot had taken effect near his heart; two others had lodged in the roof of his mouth. When asked why he had attempted suicide the wounded man calmly replied:

"Because I am unhappy. Today my wife was granted a divorce, and I do not care to live longer. I blame Judge McAdam, and I blame my wife and mother-in-law. My wife, however, would have been all right if it had not been for her mother."

Landauer was taken to Bellevue hospital, where his wounds were discovered to be critical. He was anxious to see his child, but Mrs. Landauer refused to allow the boy to leave home. Several friends gathered around his couch, and Landauer requested them to repeat the last prayer of the Jewish church for the dying. As this mournful service was chanted the would-be suicide cried out at intervals: "My boy! my child! To see him is my last wish. Surely that heartless woman cannot refuse me a last sight of his face!"

Landauer, who is a native of Munich, where he met with business troubles, married Miss Cora Rosenthal in June, 1886. At that time he was employed by Henry Clews & Co. at $6,000 a year. Mrs. Landauer claims that he began to abuse her soon after marriage. On his part he attributed all his domestic troubles to his mother-in-law, who threatened to expose his unfortunate career in Munich.

CARYL Q. BROWNE.

The Open Season.

"You think you are getting a little fly, don't you?" said the man to the trout as he leisurely pulled him in.

"I do seem to be catching on," replied the trout.—Life.

FOUR MEN OF THE HOUR.

PROMINENT IN POLITICS, RELIGION, SURGERY AND THE LAW.

Sir William Whiteway's Defiance of British Control—Sensation Created by a Baptist Minister—The Records Made by Dr. Bull and Lawyer Bullitt.

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Nearly every day some man comes into prominence as the champion of a truth, a cause or an idea. For this he gains fame, often ephemeral, but occasionally

SIR WILLIAM V. WHITEWAY.

permanent. Among those whose recent actions have brought them wide notoriety must be numbered Sir William V. Whiteway, premier of Newfoundland. For fifteen years he has been conspicuous at home as a statesman of more than ordinary ability, but now his name is known wherever the English language is read or spoken as that of a daring "colonial" who has stood at the bar of the British house of lords and protested against the re-enactment of "a bill for the better conduct of the treaties between Great Britain and France respecting the Newfoundland fisheries."

This act, Sir William declared, "embodied provisions of an arbitrary and oppressive character, wholly repugnant to those principles of liberty and justice which are held to be the basis of modern British legislation." The petitioner got no satisfaction. Lord Salisbury and Lord Knutsford—the latter of whom had revived the obnoxious bill, which was in force during the reign of George IV—would concede nothing. Seeing that the Tory policy "demanded the granting of privileges to French fishermen which will impoverish the residents of Newfoundland" Sir William's Anglo-Saxon spirit broke out in manly revolt, and he walked from Westminster declaring that he and his people would seek relief and protection by abandoning the mother country and securing admission to the United States of America.

A hundred years ago Sir William's neck might have been endangered by this assertion. But today men and affairs exist on a different basis.

REV. DR. C. DE W. BRIDGMAN.

The Newfoundland premier's attitude is the political sensation of the hour. The current religious sensation is furnished by Dr. C. DeW. Bridgman, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist church of New York city. On a recent Sunday Dr. Bridgman preached a sermon disavowing belief in hell as a place of eternal torment in which fire and brimstone are the chief constituents of torture. He declared that "the hell against which the Lord had warned the people is just the inward depravity which selfishness and unbelief and unfaithfulness are certain to breed." This, as he understood it, was the doctrine with reference to hell fire. Certain members of his congregation questioned the orthodoxy of their pastor, but they were silent at a meeting held to consider the matter, and a unanimous vote of confidence was passed.

The reverend gentleman, not being satisfied with this verdict, resolved to resign his pastorate. He did so in a letter which was read to his congregation, and in which he stated that his declaration was final. A committee subsequently waited upon Dr. Bridgman to try and persuade him to reconsider his action, but he would not. A large number of Baptist clergymen, it is stated, agree with him on the subject of eternal punishment.

Dr. Bridgman is one of the most liberal minded men in the Baptist church. He is fifty-six years of age, having been born in Saugerties, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1835. His first pastorate was in Morristown, N. J. From there he went to Jamaica Plain, Mass., and thence to Albany, N. Y. He has been pastor of the Madison Avenue church, New York, since 1878.

Although a physician of eminence, the name of Dr. William T. Bull, of New York city, did not become familiar to the people of the United States until he numbered among his patients Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr. The marital woes of that young woman and prospective actress have been widely published. She is now in Dakota for the purpose of securing a divorce. The conspicuousness of her illness brought to her physician a certain public notice which even his surgical skill had not before attracted.

The surgeons now perform operations successfully which no one would have dared to attempt twenty or even ten years ago. Affections from which men and especially women, formerly died are not only palliated but cured by aid of the knife. A man who has had the boldness to try new operations, and the skill to perform such successfully, is a public benefactor, and the reader cannot fail to be interested in his personality. Dr. William T. Bull is a striking example of the younger school of surgeons. After being graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons he was a private pupil of the celebrated Dr. Henry B. Sands. He studied in Europe for two years, and in 1875 began his career in New York. From that time his hospital experience dates, and he still regularly attends one or more of these institutions. From Bellevue he went to the New York Dispensary, and from there to the Chambers Street hospital, of which he had charge.

It was while he was the surgeon there that he performed an operation which brought him fame all over the world. A woman was brought to the Chambers Street hospital with two bullet wounds in her abdomen. She died. After the autopsy Dr. Bull concluded that by an incision the intestines could have been removed, repaired and replaced and the woman cured. The next time he had a similar case he resolved to try this operation. In a little while a man was brought in thus wounded. Dr. Bull experimented and succeeded. Since then many other surgeons in America and Europe have performed the same operation with success, but Dr. Bull pointed the way.

Dr. Bull is a singularly handsome man, with a dark mustache and prematurely gray hair. In manner he is graceful, genial and easy. He is a native of Rhode

DR. WILLIAM T. BULL.

Island and a graduate of Harvard. His patients come from all over the country, and are usually sent to him by other physicians.

Mr. John C. Bullitt, who is one of the leaders of the Philadelphia bar, was born in Kentucky about sixty-five years ago. He began practice in the Quaker City when a young man, and early achieved both fame and fortune. He is now and has been for many years the lawyer for the Drexels, and those bankers never go into any considerable transaction until he has been consulted. Mr. Bullitt managed the affairs of Jay Cooke when he got into difficulties while attempting to build the Northern Pacific railroad. The property was nursed with such skill that Mr. Cooke became a millionaire again in a very few years. Mr. Bullitt has tried many notable cases, the chief of them probably being the Whitaker will case and the Fitz John Porter court of inquiry. He was the leading lawyer in both of these affairs, and in both he was successful. He prepared the bill which established the present method of conducting the city government of Philadelphia.

The mayor has almost, if not entirely, absolute power of appointment and removal of subordinate city officers, and it is to him that the citizens look for a well ordered condition of affairs. The law is said to work very well, but of course everything depends upon the ability and integrity of the man chosen to be mayor. Mr. Bullitt, from his practice and his business ventures, has become very rich. He owns the great Bullitt building in Philadelphia, and large blocks of real estate in Washington and the neighborhood thereof. He is a director in several railroads, trust companies and banks, and stands almost as high in business as he does in the law. As a lawyer Mr. Bullitt is noted for the thoroughness of his preparation in every case that he conducts. No detail is too trivial to escape his attention. This makes him an uncomfortable adversary.

JOHN C. BULLITT.

CEPHAS DE WERDE.

Luck of a Shoemaker's Apprentice.

A wealthy merchant of Carlsruhe dates the beginning of his good fortune to the hour, fifty years ago, when he saw a child of three fall from a balcony and caught her in his arms, thus saving her life. The child is now the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the courts of Berlin and Baden annually celebrate the event. Her rescuer was a shoemaker's apprentice. Now he is the richest man in the city where he lives.

A single company controls twenty-nine thirtieths of all the diamond mines in the world. At the richest of these deposits—Kimberly, South Africa—a karat is found for every 2,000 pounds of dirt examined.

Settled.

Ethel—Is Jack wealthy?

Maud—He must be. We have been engaged two months, and he seems still to have plenty of money.—Harper's Bazar.